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ROY ROGERS

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ROY ROGERS

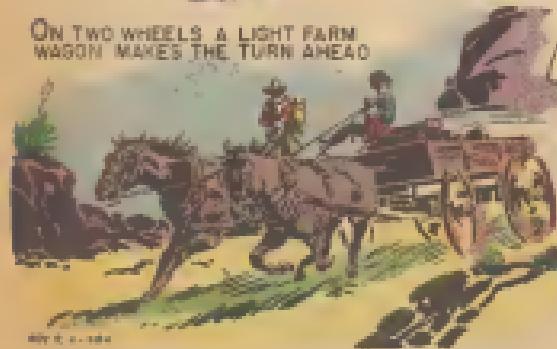
and the
GHOST
of the
LOST GALLEON



JUMP,
TRIGGER!



ON TWO WHEELS A LIGHT FARM WAGON MAKES THE TURN AHEAD



RIDING DOWN TO THE MOJAVE DESERT, ROY AND TRIGGER FEEL THE EARTH HEAVE AND TREMBLE UNDER THEM.

EASE UP, BOY! THAT WAS QUITE A LITTLE EARTHQUAKE -- BUT IT'S OVER NOW -- OH-OH! I HEAR HORSES RUNNING!



THAT'S A RUNAWAY, TRIGGER! MAYBE WE CAN SAVE THE GIRL FROM A BAD SPILL . . .





THANKS, STRANGER / IT WAS THE EARTHQUAKE THAT STARTED THEM.

I RECKONED IT WAS INCIDENTALLY, MY NAME IS ROY—ROY ROGERS.





HARRY FERGUSON--
YOU-- HOW DID
YOU GET
THAT WAY?

EASY, HONEY! THIS
GENT WAS DOING THE
DRIVING AND THE
HOLDINS-- BEFORE
I CAME ALONG
HE NEEDED
ASSISTANCE!

AN HOUR LATER, ROY TURNS
IN AT SUE LORISTON'S TINY RANCH.



MOM, THESE
BOYS ARE
STOPPING FOR
DINNER?

FINE! I'LL STIR UP
SOME MORE PANCAKES
AND FRY SOME HAM.



EAT HEARTILY BOYS,
YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP
SUE GET IN A JAR
OF HAY THIS
AFTERNOON.

NO, THEY'VE
GOT BUSINESS
OF THEIR OWN,
MOM. I'M NOT
GOING TO ASK--



YOUR HAY IS
MORE IMPORTANT
THAN ANY
BUSINESS I HAVE
RIGHT NOW, SUE.

SAME HERE,
ROGERS. DAD HAS
GIVEN ME THE
DAY OFF.

IF OLD
BILL HANKINS
WERE HERE,
I WOULDN'T
NEED TO
HAVE ANY
HELP, TODAY.

BILL HANKINS-- THAT LOGO
DESERT RAT! HE'S TOO OLD
AND GREASY EVEN FOR
PROSPECTING, SO HE SPONGES
ON YOU... AND YOU CAN'T
COUNT ON HIM EVER
BEING AROUND WHEN
YOU WANT HIM!





"DID YOU SAY THE
"LOST GALLEON," SUE?
WHAT'S THAT?"

"IT'S A LEGEND
THAT THE OLD TIMERS
AROUND HERE TELL . . .

SIXTY YEARS AGO, A CRAZY
PROSPECTOR, NAMED POWELL,
STRUCK IT RICH, WHILE HIS
MONEY LASTED. HE DID SOME
QUEER THINGS—AND ONE OF
THEM WAS BUILDING A
HOUSE IN THE DESERT,
IN THE SHAPE OF
AN OLD SPANISH
GALLEON—A
TREASURE SHIP!"



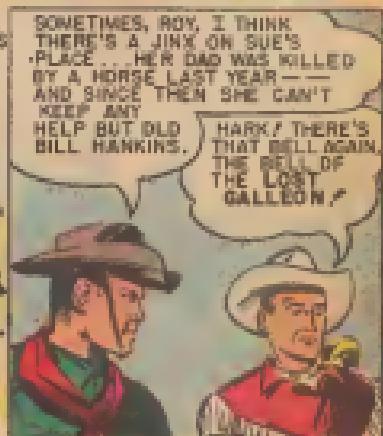
"BUT—
THE BELL
WE HEARD?"

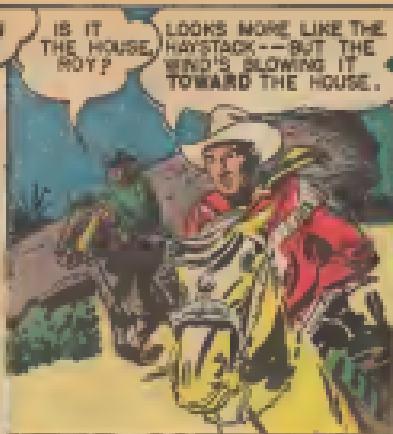
"THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE
BELL OF THE OLD GALLEON
THAT RINGS WHEN THE WIND
BLOWS AWAY SOME OF THE
SAND THAT HAS BURIED
IT . . . NOBODY KNOWS
JUST WHERE IT IS."

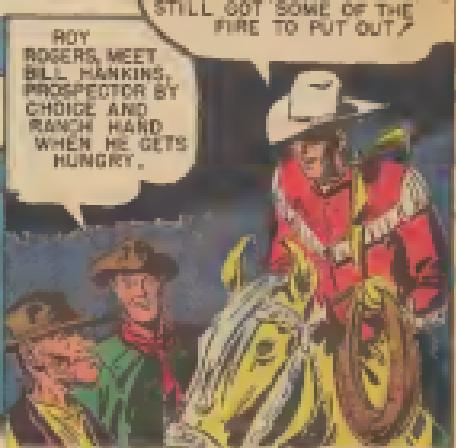
SAM POWELL'S OLD MINE IS ON
OUR RANCH PROPERTY—but
THE VEIN OF GOLD HAS PLAYED
OUT . . . THEY SAY THE LOST
GALLEON LIES SOMEWHERE NEAR
IT."



THAT NIGHT ROY STARTS WITH HARRY FOR
THE FERGUSON SPREAD, AT THE YOUNG COWBOYS'
EARNEST INVITATION . . .









YES SIR! JUST AFORE THE FIRE STARTED, I WAS RIDIN' HOME ON MY OLD MULE AND I HEARD THE BELL. THEN, FLOATIN' ACROSS THE RANGE, I SEEN SOMETHING BLUE-LIKE A MATCH END SHININ' IN THE DARK...

AND I SUPPOSE YOU SAW THAT BLUE LIGHT COME RIGHT DOWN ONTO SUE'S HAYSTACK, BILL?

UH-HUH! I DID! A MINUTE LATER THE FIRE BROKE OUT



WAIT! DON'T -- DON'T YOU HEAR THE BELL? THE BELL OF THE LOST GALLEON?



NONSENSE! EVERYBODY'S HEARD THAT BELL SOMETIME OR OTHER; BUT I DON'T HEAR IT NOW... AND ANYWAY, THERE'S NO CONNECTION --



MEYRE YOU DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY CONNECTION -- BUT THAT DON'T CHANGE THINGS!



THAT BELL IS RINGING! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN TELL WHAT DIRECTION IT COMES FROM.



IT STARTS RINGING AND STOPS AWHILE -- AND IT SOUNDS FROM TWO OR THREE DIRECTIONS!

THAT'S THE ECHOING-- THIS RANCH LIES IN A HOLLOW.



THIS RANCH HAS GOT A JINX ON IT ... YOU WAIT AND SEE --



BILL, OH -- YOU'RE HURT!



GRAB ANOTHER BUCKET, HARRY! THIS TIME THE FIRE'S INSIDE THE HOUSE.

YEAH -- BUT THAT BLAST WAS DYNAMITE!



NOT MUCH TROUBLE
TO DOUSE THESE PIECES
OF FIREWOOD--

BUT LOOK AT THE
STOVE! THE PLACE
IS A WRECK, ROY!

THAT DYNAMITE WAS IN THE
CHUNK OF WOOD PUT INTO THE
STOVE, SUE.

DYNAMITE IN
THE WOOD? BUT
HOW--HOW
COULD IT BE?



SOMEBODY PUT IT THERE...
BUT THE QUESTION IS,
WHY?

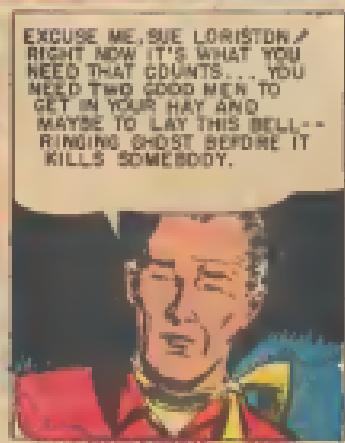
I KIN ANSWER THAT
ONE, I RECKON... I
SEEN THE CHUNK
SHE STUCK IN THE
STOVE--IT WAS
A PIECE OF TIMBER
FROM THE OLD LOST
GALLEON MINE!



WOOD IS SCARCE'R IN A HEN'S
TEETH HIGHLIGHTS--BRUNG IN
A FEW NINE TIMBERS LAST
WEEK--SOMEBODY COULD'VE
PLANTED A CHARGE IN ONE
OF 'EM 60 YEARS AGO.

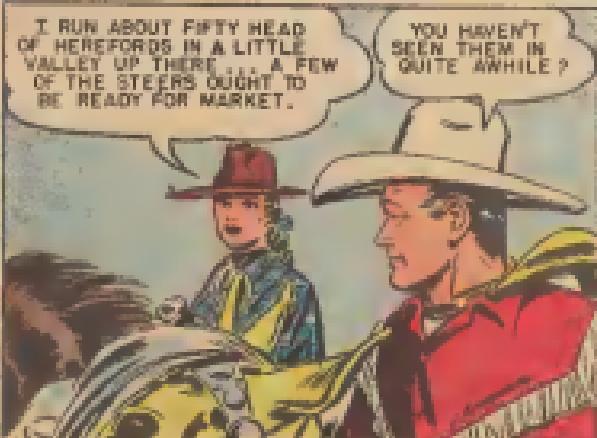
BUT THE GHOST WAS BEHIND
IT ALL, SOONER OR LATER
IT'LL TAKE EVERY HUMAN
LIFE ON THIS RANCH--BUT IT
WON'T GET ME! I'M CLEARIN'
OUT TONIGHT!







NEXT MORNING, WHILE HARRY FERGUSON IS HAVING BREAKFAST, SUE, LORSTON AND ROY RIDE OUT TO THE HILLS.



THE WATERHOLE IS JUST AROUND THE BEND... WE MAY FIND SOME OF THE BUNCH THERE...



A FEW STICKS OF DYNAMITE WOULD HAVE DONE THE TRICK JUST AS WELL. IT WILL TAKE PLENTY OF SHOVEL-WORK TO MAKE THAT WATERHOLE USABLE AGAIN.



BUT WHERE THE WATERHOLE WAS, ONLY TRAMPLED MUD MOCKS THE THIRST OF HORNING CATTLE.

ROY, THE WATER NEVER FAILED BEFORE. COULD IT HAVE BEEN THE EARTHQUAKE -- ?

OR THE GHOST OF THE LOST GALLEON ?



DYNAMITE--?

WE WON'T HAVE TO WAIT FOR WATER THOUGH -- -- LOOK THERE !



A CLOUDBURST IN THE HILLS / THAT WILL MEAN A FLOOD HERE -- -- START DRIVING THOSE COWS, ROY !



BUT THE THIRST-GRAZED ANIMALS
KEEP RETURNING TO THE MUD OF
THE CHOKED WATERHOLE.



BETTER NOT WAIT TOO LONG,
SUE! THE WATER WILL CARRY
EVERYTHING OUT OF THIS
CANYON WHEN IT COMES.



I KNOW--BUT IF
I LOSE THESE COWS,
I'M FLAT-BUSTED!



FLOGG'S GOING
TO CATCH US!

LET IT! I'M
NOT LEAVING
MY BEEF.



A ROARING WALL OF DIRTY
WATER, CARRYING EVERYTHING
WITH IT, SWEEPS DOWN THE
CANYON'S TROUGH.



HIGHER GROUND HERE--
IT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE!





MOST OF THEM,
I HOPE, SUE... THE
CANYON SPREADS
OUT INTO THE VALLEY
RIGHT BELOW HERE.

LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE
ALL HERE--AND SAFE.



A WHIRLWIND, MOVING IN A 200 FT. DUST-LADEN COLUMN, DRIFTS ACROSS THE DESERT FLOOR.



THEY SAY CRAZY SAM POWELL SPENT HIS LAST DOLLAR BUILDING THIS THING -- HE'S BURIED SOMEWHERE BEHIND IT.

THERE'S NO BELL FOR HIS GHOST TO RING, ANYWAY.



BLING-BLANG!

BLING-BLANG!



THE BELL -- I HEAR IT NOW, MARK, ROY!

WHAT'S THAT -- LIKE A QUEER SHAPED ROCK -- WHERE THE "DUST DEVIL" JUST PASSED?



NEVER SAW IT BEFORE, LET'S RIDE OVER THERE.



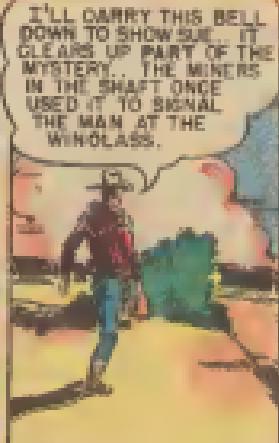
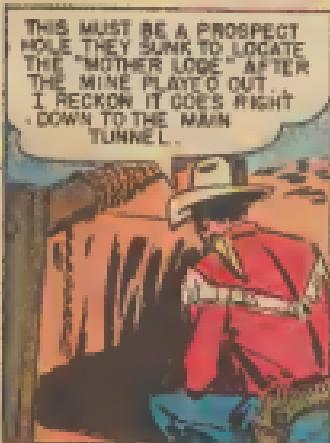
IT'S THE LOST GALLEON, THE WHIRLWIND UNCOVERED IT!

IT'S STILL RINGING -- OVER BY THAT LOW, ROCKY RIDGE.

THAT'S WHERE THE LOST GALLEON MINE IS. LET'S HUNT IT DOWN, ROY.







SUE / SUE LORISTON /
I'VE GOT THE BELL . . .



BLING-GLANG /
BLANG . . .

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO
HER / I THOUGHT FOR A
MINUTE SHE MIGHT BE
PLAYING A LITTLE TRICK
ON ME. BUT — —

BLOOD / FRESH
BLOOD — HERS,
MOST LIKELY . . .

I'LL NEED LIGHT TO TRAIL
HER IN THERE! — BUT I
CAN PROMISE YOU ONE
THING, MR. SPOOK: IF
SUE LORISTON NEVER
COMES OUT ALIVE, IT
WILL BE YOUR FINISH,
TOO.



NOW — SPLIT THE WIND
FOR THE RANCH, TRIGGER!



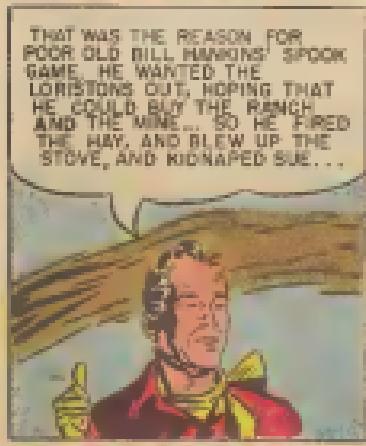
MR. ROY,
YOU AND
SUE ARE
BACK JUST
IN TIME
FOR DINNER.

SUE IS NOT WITH ME,
HARRY. SADDLE UP AND
RIDE BACK WITH ME AS
QUICK AS HEAVEN WILL
LET YOU!



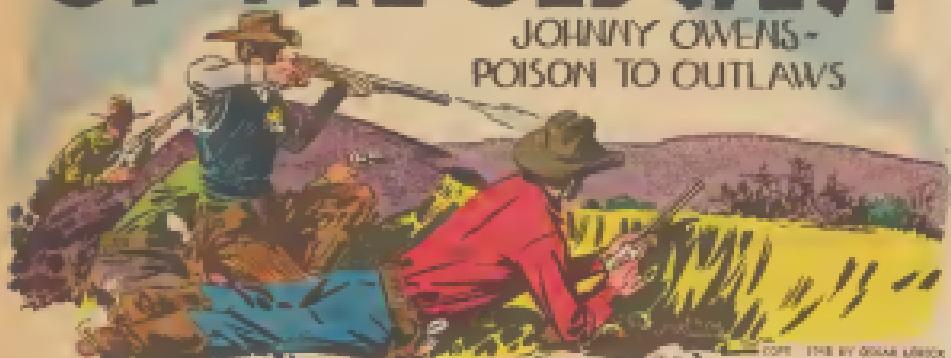






GREAT LAWMEN OF THE OLD WEST

JOHNNY OWENS—
POISON TO OUTLAWS



COPIED FROM OSCAR LEWIS

Seventeen loaded wagons creaked forward in a trailing cloud of dust. Above the complaint of dry axles and straining leather rose the shrill voices of Indian squaws, the crack of their whips as they drove, the yelping of mongrel dogs. Some of the dust rose from the wagons—most of it from the bunch of 140 stolen horses and their Cheyenne captors.

It was a big war party, returning with a rich loot to their reservation at Pine Ridge, Wyoming.

A sheepherder named Rogers heard the noise. Badly frightened, he watched the savages approach. What they would do to his flock of woolies, he could only guess.

Two bucks, with their rifles ready for business, left the main party and galloped toward him. Expecting to be shot and scalped, he was pleasantly relieved to hear them ask for his tobacco. The bucks were in good humor. They ignored his sheep.

Without warning a shot rang out. The two Indians wheeled their ponies and rode back to the main bunch. Red warriors were yelling as they fired from galloping mounts. Though the dust hid much of the fight, Rogers knew that a sheriff's posse had overhauled

the raiders. Not wishing to be a target, he ducked into the sagebrush.

The battle stopped. Raising his head, Rogers saw a group of mounted warriors facing the white men. The sheriff was calling on them to give up and save their lives.

Eagle Feather, sometimes called "Charley Smith," headed the raiders. With him were High Dog, Chief He Crow, Charge Wolf, and James White Elk. Like the less known warriors who backed them, these leaders were in an ugly mood. Up to this point the skirmishing had been mostly noise—but they were not likely to give up their loot without some killing.

For the third time the sheriff demanded their guns. The red raiders glared. Leaning quickly from his horse's back, Eagle Feather snatched up a fistful of dust. He straightened—and tossed it high. It was a signal!

A volley of rifle fire answered. The white posse replied. For a short time the vicious bellowing of guns blanketed out all other sounds.

The sheriff and his deputy were dying. But eleven rifles were still pouring leaden law into the red war party. And deadliest of them all was the weapon of Marshal Johnny Owens.

The Indians finally broke and fled. Behind them they left their dead—and their dauntless chief, Eagle Feather. With a bullet hole through both legs, the savage leader might still have ridden away. He chose to die fighting, covering his warriors' retreat.

Johnny Owens stood up, in the dust and smoke. The job was done. Beside one of the wagons he saw a squaw lying hurt. Tenderly he bent to help her. As he did so, a hand clawed at his holstered gun.

Johnny spun around—to face Eagle Feather. The chief was dying, barely able to crawl. And he died without adding another white lawman to his score.

Owens was marshal of the town of Lusk. Gentle as a woman he could be, and was whenever circumstances allowed. Yet so terrible was his reputation as a killer of bad men that many times his soft-spoken warning was enough to make noted outlaws give up without a fight.

Once while he was riding guard on a stagecoach, between Cheyenne and Laramie, the Concord was held up. Inside was the Army paymaster with a lot of money. Outside was only the stage driver and Johnny Owens with a rifle across his knees.

The "road agents'" guns were trained on both men. A word from their leader would have sent bullets tearing into Johnny's stomach. But—

"You'd better ride home, boys," came the lawman's calm advice.

For a moment the outlaws thought fast. They knew that a tough man, mortally wounded, can sometimes empty his gun before he dies. They knew that Johnny Owens's bullets seldom missed. Slowly they backed away. And the stage drove on unmolested!

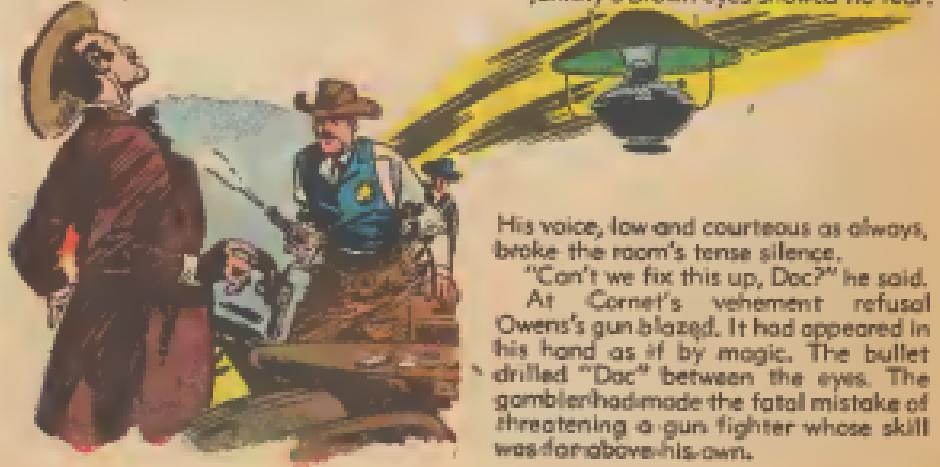
The number of men blotted out by Owens's deadly marksmanship is not on record. During the Civil War he served in Quantrell's notorious band of guerrilla fighters. He was the peace officer of a number of wild and woolly towns. One fact appears certain: His known killings were always on the side of law and order, and he took no pleasure in them.

While marshal of Newcastle, he accounted for a couple of cattle rustlers, a hold-up artist named Blizzard and a gambler called "Doc" Cornet. His duel with "Doc" witnessed to both his chilled-steel nerves and his amazing speed on the draw.

For a reason not known, this gambler's friendly feeling toward Johnny Owens turned into fierce hate. He went looking for the marshal. Finding him in a public house, he drew and covered Owens before he spoke.

"John," he said bitterly, "I'm going to kill you, now!"

Johnny's brown eyes showed no fear.



His voice, low and courteous as always, broke the room's tense silence.

"Can't we fix this up, Doc?" he said.

At Cornet's vehement refusal, Owens's gun blazed. It had appeared in his hand as if by magic. The bullet drilled "Doc" between the eyes. The gambler had made the fatal mistake of threatening a gun-fighter whose skill was far above his own.

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

BY THE PICTURE LADY

UH-HUH! THERE'S LOTS OF
LONESOME MEN RIDING THE
GATE-LINE... AND KIDS
TOO! I LIKE TOMMY
FERNAND.

CHARLEY, THAT
STRANGER YOU JUST FEED
LOOKS AWFUL LONESOME
AS IF HE DIDN'T
HAVE ANY HOME!

SAY, CHARLEY
TELL US AN-
OTHER STORY
ABOUT TOMMY
FRANKE AND
MRS. ZORA
WHITE HORN!

AND GIVE US A
COUPLE OF
BIG HAM
SANDWICHES
IN STARVATION!

HOW LONG DID
TOMMY AND
WHITE HORN LIVE
ALONE IN THE
DESERT, CHARLEY?

OFF AND ON FOR
A COUPLE OF
YEARS, PAT.
YOU SEE...



THE BIG, BORZOI HOLLOWHOUND WHO HAD
BEEN RAISED BY A COYOTE DON'T
KNOW ANY OTHER LIFE.

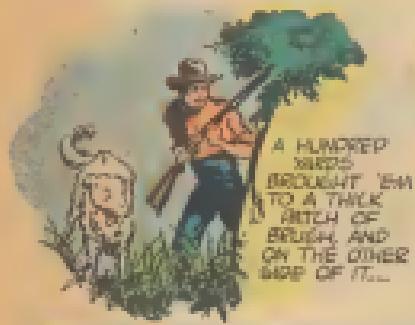


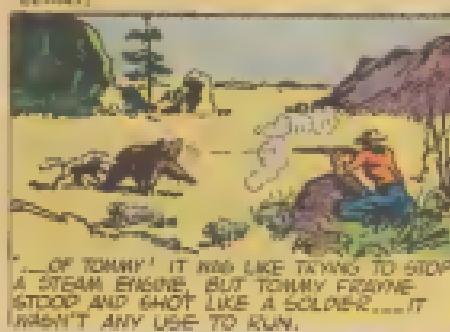
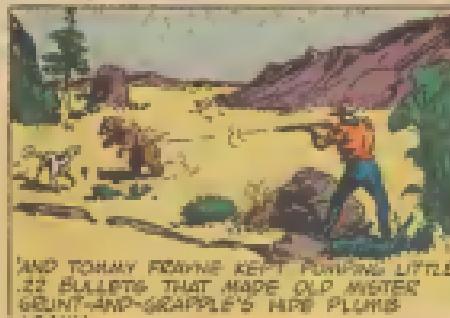
AND TOMMY HAD LEARNED
FROM THE INJUN HOW TO LIVE OFF THE
COUNTRY... HE WAS STILL AFRAID THAT OLD
BLUES HOLLOW MIGHT CATCH HIM AND PRO-
BEM BACK TO WORK.



BUT NOW AND THEN HE'D RIDE SOME
LONELY RANCH HOUSE,
LEAVING WHITE HORN TO
LEAVE THOSE
CHICKENS ALONE...









"TOMMY FOUND THE BEAR HUNTER STILL UNCONSCIOUS... WITH BAD CLAW WOUNDS ON HIS HEAD... HE MIGHT BE DYING."



"AFTER ALL THE NOISE AND EXCITEMENT OF THE FIGHT, THE SILENCE WAS KIND OF SCARY... TOMMY COULD HEAR WATER RUNNING, FARTHER DOWN THE DRAW."



"HE DRAGGED THE WOUNDED MAN DOWN-HILL TO A LITTLE BROOK AMONG THE ASPEN TREES..."



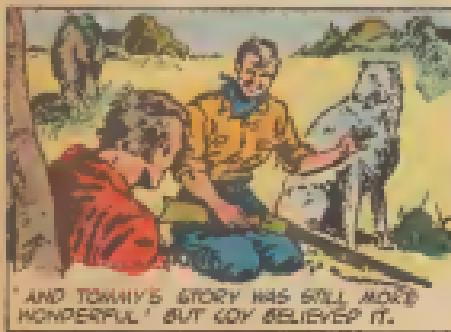
"...AND POURED COLD WATER ON THE FELLOW'S HEAD UNTIL THE BLEEDING STOPPED."



"THEN HE CAUGHT HIS OWN PONY AND THE HUNTER'S HORSE."



"THE BEAR HUNTER, DENNIS COX, COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HOW COME HE WAS STILL ALIVE..."



"AND TOMMY'S STORY HAS STILL MORE WONDERFUL BUT COX BELIEVED IT."



"WE RECKONED HE COULD RIDE HOME, IF TURKEY WOULD TAG ALONG... IN CASE HE GOT DIRTY OR SOMETHING."



"IT WAS LONG AFTER DARK WHEN THEY GOT TO DENNIS' LITTLE RANCH HOUSE... DENNIS HAD GIVEN TOMMY THE DIRECTIONS BEFORE HE RODE OUT AND TOMMY TOO HAD INTO THE SADDLE.



"MARTY, DENNIS & YOUNG MIFE, CAME RUNNING WHEN SHE HEARD THE HORSES.



"...AND HELPED TOMMY TAKE HER HUSBAND INTO THE HOUSE... WHITE WIND CAME IN WITH THEM.



"FOR A WEEK, DENNIS COY LAY AROUND A MIGHTY SICK MAN, AND TOMMY DID THE CHORES, WHISTLING OR SINGING AS HE WORKED. FOR SOME REASON HE WAS HAPPIER THAN HE COULD REMEMBER BEING ANY TIME.



"ONE EVENING, AFTER DENNIS WAS ABLE TO GET AROUND AGAIN, THEY WERE ALL SITTING ON THE PORCH... TOMMY TOLD DENNIS COY, A RANCH LIKE THIS IS MORE THAN ONE MAN SHOULD HANDLE... IF YOU AND WHITE WIND WOULD LIKE TO GO PARTNERS WITH MARY AND ME, WE COULD MAKE THINGS HUM!"



"TOMMY DIDN'T ANSWER FOR A MINUTE. HE TURNED AND WHISPERED IN WHITE WIND'S EAR: 'WHAT DO YOU THINK, FRIENDER?'



"WHITE WIND SAID 'YES!' AS PLAIN AS A DOG COULD BARK... AND THAT SETTLED IT!"



"HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE SANDWICHES I MADE FOR YOU, PETE? YOU WERE SCARCELY TAKEN TWO BITES!"

"OH, THAT'S... RIGHT, I GUESS WE WERE LISTENING TOO HARD TO REMEMBER 'EM, CHARLEY."



